

A. A. VANTINE & CO.,
IMPORTERS FROM
Japan, China, India, Turkey and Persia.
877, 879 Broadway.



Copyright, 1893. By The Tribune Association.
don't care what she says to him," sa



375

Large Gold

AND

Assorted Colored

FLOOR VASES

AND

KOROS,

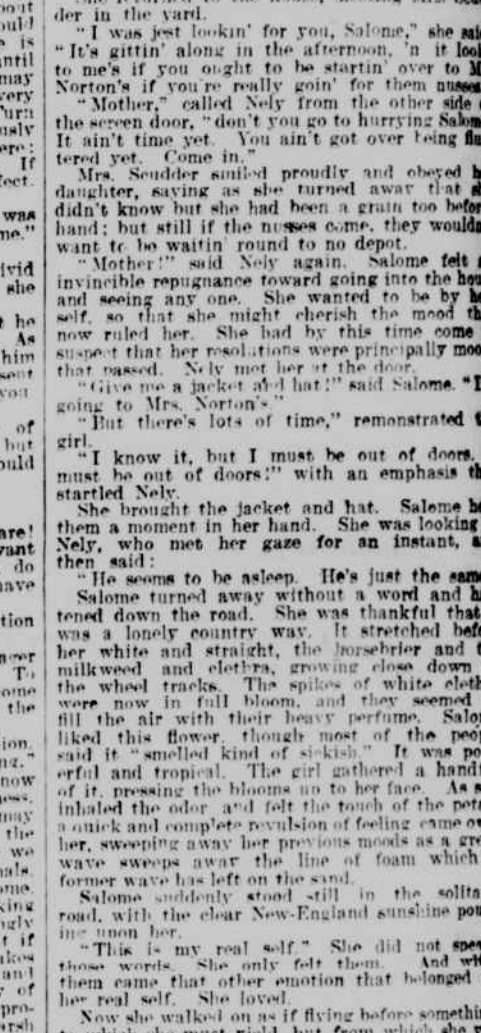
VALUE \$25.00

NOW

\$8.25.

was not life at all." But it was all there w
of life left to her. Then she went over agai
all her reasonings and conclusions of the ye
that was just past.

She returned to the house, meeting Mrs. S



THE SLEEPING TENTS AT PINE TREE POINT

She was going now toward her home, for must pass that on her way to Mr. Norton's the horse and carriage. She was not far from some one came out of the yard quickly, not first seeing her.

It was Walter Redd; and he had evidently been in the different floors seeking an entrance. As the two met the young man held out his hand saying that he had just given up trying to find some one. He was going by and had hoped that he had reached his destination. He had not, he placed by the road. Was she just coming home?

No, she was going to Mr. Norton's to borrow his horse.

Well, I wish this time that Mr. Redd were getting a trifle more animated than usual. I was getting my carry-all out here. If you want the

"Recd me for my kindness, then," said Rossetti. "The girl was vaguely aware that this was a strange way to talk. Such phrases were so foreign to him.

"I was going to the station," she said; "perhaps it will not be convenient for you to go there."

"He looked at his watch. "What train do you want to meet? The 6.20 I suppose. We shall have plenty of time. The drive will do you good. Salome, you look completely tired."

And he told her of his having been through something dreadful.

There had been walking toward the carriage, he spoke. Since she had not immediately returned his offer she found it impossible to refuse it. And indeed there was no reason why she should not accept it.

He helped her into the carriage and then he drove down the hill.

"I've been taking my mother and sister off to the Poles," he said as he took up the reins. "We made a very early start this morning. I shall let them stop for a visit, and I must go back to it for the next two weeks. I shall be awfully lonesome. I wish you'd let me take you and your mother out to drive once in a while. It would do you both good."

Salome looked at him for the last time that day; as it was usually, Salome was too much absorbed to notice this, however.

She thanked him, and said that she was already engaged to go to the Poles for a few days, and he leaned back, holding for a moment her hand, and then she slipped her hand from his.

After a short salutation Rossetti turned to her and said that she looked as if she had been through something dreadful. Had anything happened?

To be continued

ROSSETTI'S GAZETTE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The other day I visited the grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the cemetery of the Protestant churchyard of Birchington-on-Sea, and in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Staveley, the minister of the church.

neglect about his tomb. True, the handsome form of the monument, with its surmounting and ornate base, is still in pretty good order (the statue itself is a little weathered and discolored, but the mould which covers Rossetti's remains has almost entirely disappeared, doubtless owing to the fact that the artist was so close to time come and pay homage to the illustrious artist's resting-place). This state of affairs is, however, remedied by the fact that an effigy of the poet is placed around the grave, for that would be the most effective way of preserving the memory of the man who has given the world such a masterpiece of poetry. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was so good and famous a man that it would surely be a pity if his tomb should ever be allowed to